**Introduction.**

My name is Patience Kyalo, and I was brought into this world on the 31st of January 2002, a day etched in the tapestry of time as the moment when my journey began. Born to the loving embrace of Elizabeth Mumo and Jeremiah Kyalo, two pillars of strength whose unwavering support has shaped the very essence of my being. My mother, a beacon of warmth and wisdom, entered this world on the 7th of August 1984, amidst the serene landscapes of Makueni County, while my father, a man of resilience and determination, took his first breath on the 24th of December 1977 in the heart of Machakos County, precisely within the bounds of Mwala constituency.

I count myself blessed to have been cradled in their love and nurtured by their guidance, for their presence has been a constant source of inspiration and encouragement. Alongside me in this journey called life stand my two brothers, companions in laughter and allies in adversity. As the eldest, I bear the responsibility of blazing a trail for my siblings to follow, a role I embrace with pride and humility. Tobiah’s Kyalo, born on the 28th of February 2004, embodies the spirit of resilience, while Ethan Kyalo, the youngest member of our household, graces our lives with his infectious joy, having entered this world on the 23rd of February 2009, a bundle of boundless energy and endless possibilities. Together, we form a tapestry of love, laughter, and shared experiences, weaving a narrative of familial bonds that transcend the passage of time.

**My Childhood.**

My early childhood unfolded within the comforting embrace of a quintessential middle-class backdrop, reminiscent of the era that defined the 2000s. In the tapestry of our family life, my father, a dedicated employee of the Garden Hotel, donned multiple hats, serving both as a waiter and a manager, navigating the ebb and flow of hospitality with unwavering commitment. Meanwhile, my mother, a beacon of domesticity and entrepreneurship, gracefully balanced the roles of a stay-at-home parent and a small business owner, managing a quaint clothes shop nestled near our modest rental abode.

Amidst the hustle and bustle of daily life, I reveled in the simple joys of childhood, frolicking with friends in the sun-drenched streets, immersed in a symphony of laughter and innocence. Yet, as the eldest sibling, I bore the mantle of responsibility from a tender age, a mantle woven with threads of protective instincts and nurturing care. Regardless of my age, the welfare of my younger brothers remained paramount, instilling in me a sense of duty that transcended the boundaries of mere familial ties.

The arrival of Tobiahs into our lives heralded a seismic shift, altering the dynamics of our familial ecosystem with its mere presence. Despite our mere two-year age gap, I swiftly transitioned from the solitary realm of only-childhood into the realm of an elder sister, tasked with the solemn duty of safeguarding and guiding my newfound sibling. Each day became an odyssey of vigilance, as I watched over Tobiahs with a blend of affection and protectiveness, navigating the labyrinth of siblinghood with steadfast resolve.

Yet, amidst the joyous chaos of sibling camaraderie, a subtle undercurrent of shared culpability coursed through our interactions. As my brothers embarked on their mischievous escapades, I found myself inexorably linked to their antics, bearing the brunt of reprimands and consequences with stoic acceptance. Though the sting of punishment occasionally marred the canvas of my childhood, it paled in comparison to the bond of camaraderie forged through shared adventures and misadventures, a testament to the indelible ties that bind siblings together in an unbreakable bond of love and companionship.

**First School.**

When I turned four years old, it marked the beginning of my journey into the educational realm as I embarked on my first school experience at the nursery school, as it was known in the early 2000s. Stepping into that new world was a momentous occasion that remains vivid in my memory to this day. The simple act of walking to school each morning, accompanied by the melodic chirping of birds, etched a picturesque scene in my mind, invoking nostalgic flashbacks even now. Amidst the backdrop of those chirps, my young self eagerly absorbed the wonders of nursery school life, albeit with its peculiarities. One such memory revolves around our mandatory afternoon naps, enforced with stern consequences by our teachers. The threat of a reprimand loomed large, ensuring compliance with the sleep routine, which often resulted in surreal dreams amidst the midday stillness.

Reflecting on those days, the culinary experiences stand out prominently. The staple fare of ugali and sour milk, prepared in the traditional manner, remains a distinct taste in my palate's memory, accompanied by the unsweetened porridge that was a daily ritual. Beyond the classroom walls, school trips added a thrilling dimension to our learning. Recollections of my inaugural school excursion to the airport linger fondly, where the sheer enormity of airplanes left an indelible impression on my young mind. Amidst the lessons on shapes, colors, and nursery rhymes, these immersive experiences formed the cornerstone of my early education, laying the foundation for a lifetime of learning and discovery.

**Primary School.**

After three years of eager anticipation, the culmination of my nursery school journey finally arrived, granting me the long-awaited passage into primary education. The threshold of this new phase was marked by my enrollment in Standard One, a designation resonating with a sense of prestige and responsibility. Machakos Primary School, nestled in the bustling heart of Machakos Town, stood as a beacon of academic excellence, its reputation preceding its name both then and now. Amidst the bustling excitement of embarking on this new academic adventure, I recall a whirlwind of emotions swirling within me, a blend of anticipation and trepidation as I crossed the threshold into a realm of higher learning. Though the specifics of that transitional period elude my memory, the underlying certainty remains: the journey was fraught with challenges yet brimming with promise.

Reflecting on those early days, a stark contrast emerges between the laissez-faire atmosphere of nursery school and the regimented structure of primary education. Gone were the carefree days of evading school and feigning illness; in their place stood the imposing figure of discipline, embodied by the stern gaze of teachers and the stringent rules enforced upon students and parents alike. The day of admission stands out vividly in my recollection, a flurry of activity as parents and students alike adhered to the strict dress code mandated by the school. The sight of rows upon rows of eager pupils, clad in pristine white shorts and crimson shirts, awaiting their turn for admission, remains etched in my mind's eye. Despite our diminutive stature, we formed a formidable assembly, united in our pursuit of knowledge within the hallowed halls of Machakos Primary School.

Ah, the quintessential experience of a Standard One student in Kenya, a tapestry woven with the threads of routine, camaraderie, and the occasional misadventure. Like clockwork, our school days commenced with the rhythmic cadence of morning parades, a biweekly ritual punctuating the start of each week. Yet, it was the daily morning assemblies that truly set the tone for the day ahead, a harmonious blend of song, camaraderie, and vital announcements that bound our class together. Amidst the familiar rhythms of school life, one constant remained unchanged: the cherished afternoon nap, a respite from the day's rigors that I still uphold to this day. Unlike the nursery school days, however, the consequences for defying the sleep mandate were notably absent, signaling a newfound autonomy amidst the structured environment of primary education.

Yet, amidst the structured routine, moments of spontaneity and mischief punctuated our days, as break times transformed into playgrounds teeming with laughter and spirited games. Yet, amidst the laughter and camaraderie, the specter of mishaps loomed large, as the exuberance of play occasionally gave way to mishaps, from broken limbs to curious accidents involving coins, stones, and even beans. These tales of youthful curiosity and resilience form the tapestry of my Standard One adventures, a blend of fun and lessons learned that laid the foundation for the journey ahead. As I embarked on this new chapter of my educational odyssey, little did I know that it marked not just the beginning of a school year, but the dawn of an eight-year journey that would shape my character and define my path forward.

Standard Two and Three ushered in a period of relative familiarity within the confines of Machakos Primary School. No longer the wide-eyed newcomer, I found myself assuming the role of a seasoned veteran, extending a welcoming hand to incoming students navigating the corridors of our institution. Indeed, they say with growth comes learning, and indeed, I embraced newfound responsibilities as I ascended through the ranks of primary education. Gone were the carefree afternoons of napping, replaced instead by the daunting prospect of afternoon prep classes, a prospect I approached with trepidation. Longing for the freedom to escape home at lunchtime, I harbored dreams of joining the fortunate few who could evade the clutches of remedial sessions. Yet, despite my fervent pleas, my parents remained resolute in their conviction that school was paramount to my development, dismissing my entreaties with the admonition that excessive play at home would dull my intellect. Thus, resigned to my fate, I embraced the challenge of remedial classes, albeit begrudgingly.

Throughout my primary school tenure, attendance became a badge of honor, a testament to my unwavering commitment to education. Even in the throes of illness, my parents steadfastly ensured my presence within the hallowed halls of learning, ferrying me back and forth each day to ensure continuity in my studies. However, amidst this unbroken streak of attendance, a singular exception arose during my third year, when the diagnosis of malaria forced a temporary hiatus from school. Despite the discomfort of illness, there existed a curious dichotomy of emotions within me—joy at the prospect of a respite from the rigors of academia, tempered by the discomfort of medical treatments. Indeed, the daily regimen of buttock injections, though necessary for my recovery, inflicted a pain so acute that even the simple act of sitting became a torment. Thus, relegated to a prone position for much of the ordeal, I endured the discomfort with stoic resolve, eager for the day when I could once again resume my studies unimpeded by illness or infirmity.

The annual school trips were not just mere excursions but grand adventures that etched themselves deeply into the fabric of our childhood memories. Each year, as the time for our pilgrimage to the Nairobi National Museum approached, a palpable sense of excitement enveloped our school community. For me, however, the anticipation often morphed into restless nights filled with anxious thoughts of missing the bus and being left behind while my friends embarked on their journey without me. It became a ritual of sorts, my mother roused from her slumber by my fretful pleas to ensure my punctuality, a testament to the intensity of my pre-trip jitters. Yet, despite the sleepless nights, the allure of the impending adventure was irresistible, beckoning me towards new experiences and cherished memories waiting to be made.

The Nairobi National Museum stood as a bastion of cultural heritage and natural wonders, its halls teeming with artifacts, exhibits, and, to my dismay, snakes. Though my aversion to the slithering creatures was well-known, their presence served as a constant reminder of the vast diversity of life on our planet, simultaneously captivating and unsettling me with their sinuous movements and piercing gaze. However, amidst the apprehension, there existed a sense of wonder and curiosity, as I marveled at the intricate displays of traditional music, tribal artifacts, and historical relics that adorned the museum's halls.

Adjacent to the museum lay another cultural gem, the Bomas of Kenya, where the allure of traditional houses and immersive cultural experiences awaited. Venturing into these meticulously crafted dwellings, I found myself transported to another time and place, capturing snapshots of moments frozen in time for posterity. The juxtaposition of old and new, tradition and modernity, created a rich tapestry of experiences that left an indelible mark on my impressionable young mind.

Following our museum exploration, a repast awaited us, simple yet satisfying—a humble spread of soda and bread that elicited eager anticipation among my classmates and me. Though modest by culinary standards, the meal served as a welcome respite from our adventures, fueling our bodies and spirits for the journey ahead.

Yet, beyond the cultural attractions and gastronomic delights, it was the journey itself that infused our school trips with a sense of camaraderie and adventure. Encouraged by our affable teachers, we engaged in spirited competitions along the winding roads, each class vying for supremacy in a race against time and traffic. The cheers of victory and the groans of defeat echoed through the bus corridors, punctuated by the rhythmic hum of the engine and the laughter of children bound together by shared experiences.

And amidst the merriment and revelry, one cannot overlook the gratitude for the safe passage bestowed upon us—a testament to the skill of our bus drivers and the watchful gaze of a fortunate guiding star. Indeed, the school trips were more than just educational outings; they were transformative experiences that ignited a lifelong passion for exploration and discovery, shaping the course of our academic journeys and leaving an indelible imprint on our hearts and minds.

In reflecting on my academic journey, I recall the transition from what we termed as lower primary, encompassing classes one through three, to the realm of upper primary, spanning classes four and five within our educational framework. As I completed my lower primary education, the looming prospect of transitioning to an upper primary student became imminent. The shift to upper primary marked a departure from the relatively relaxed atmosphere of lower primary, ushering in a more disciplined environment. The stringent schedule demanded that as an upper primary student, I adhere to a strict timetable, necessitating an early start to my day. Rising at the break of dawn, at 5:00 AM, I would diligently prepare myself for the day ahead, allocating 45 minutes to readying myself before embarking on the journey to school, typically facilitated by our morning carpool.

While I questioned the necessity of such an early start, my parents steadfastly adhered to this routine, deeming it essential for our academic pursuits. Amidst the rigors of upper primary education, one particular incident stands out vividly in my memory: the day I endured the sting of a bee, striking my eye, coincidentally on my birthday, which cast a shadow over the anticipated evening celebration. Despite the adversity, I persevered. The initial years of upper primary schooling presented challenges yet remained manageable. However, as I delved deeper into this new phase of learning, the introduction of intricate subjects such as 'insha' and composition unveiled a new dimension of academia. Initially intriguing, these subjects gradually lost their allure, evolving into mundane tasks as familiarity bred contempt. Thus, the journey through upper primary education was not devoid of hurdles, yet served as a pivotal period of growth and transformation.

From the onset of my journey from class four through class six, life presented itself with a semblance of equilibrium. I found solace in the classroom, where the lessons imparted were within my grasp, enabling me to maintain a modest yet commendable academic performance. Despite being an average student, I took pride in my ability to navigate through exams with relative ease, all while steering clear of any conflicts with the teaching staff by adhering to the school's rules diligently. However, behind the facade of academic stability, the domestic front painted a contrasting picture, where responsibilities seemed to burgeon with each passing day.

The transition to assuming more significant household chores, such as washing utensils after school, particularly on weekends, and keeping a vigilant eye on my younger sibling, who shared my educational journey, marked a pivotal shift in my daily routine. Moreover, the lunchtime rituals orchestrated by my parents, who would deliver our packed meals and oversee our consumption with hawk-like precision, instilled a sense of discipline and adherence to familial norms, lest we incur their disapproval for deviating from prescribed behaviors

As I stepped into the realm of class seven, the academic landscape underwent a seismic transformation, characterized by the formidable challenge posed by subjects like mathematics and the elongation of school hours. The frequency of examinations seemed relentless, with each assessment serving as a litmus test of our academic prowess. Under the scrutinizing gaze of stricter teachers, I found myself grappling with the intricacies of advanced curriculum, navigating through a labyrinth of knowledge that seemed both daunting and exhilarating. However, amidst the intellectual rigors, a familial crisis unfolded when my mother underwent surgery, casting a pall of worry and anxiety over our household.

The precarious nature of my mother's health imbued my academic journey with an added layer of complexity, as I struggled to balance my studies with familial obligations and emotional turmoil. In a heartening display of empathy, the teaching faculty extended their support, offering understanding and leniency in acknowledgment of the challenges I faced. Their gestures of compassion served as a beacon of hope during a tumultuous period, providing the much-needed reassurance that I was not alone in my struggles.

As I ascended to the pinnacle of my primary school tenure in class eight, the looming specter of the Kenya Certificate of Primary Education examination cast a shadow over my final year, marking a pivotal juncture in my educational journey. This formidable examination, the culmination of years of academic toil and perseverance, served as a crucible, testing the depths of our knowledge and resilience. As my classmates and I immersed ourselves in rigorous preparation, weekends blurred into extensions of the school week, consumed by intensive revision sessions and preparatory classes in anticipation of the impending challenge.

Yet, amidst the academic fervor, there lingered a palpable sense of anticipation and excitement, as the prospect of transitioning to high school beckoned on the horizon. Alumni from esteemed secondary institutions graced our school corridors, serving as beacons of inspiration and motivation, fueling our aspirations to emulate their success. With each passing day, the corridors buzzed with whispered conversations about the future, as we eagerly awaited the unveiling of our examination results and the subsequent allocation of coveted slots in prestigious high schools.

As I envisioned my dream of attending Karima Girls, nestled in the heart of Kenya, I was filled with a potent blend of anticipation and trepidation, acutely aware of the challenges and opportunities that lay ahead. The prospect of navigating the unfamiliar terrain of high school life, coupled with the pressure to excel academically, weighed heavily on my mind. Yet, beneath the surface of apprehension, there simmered a simmering determination to seize the opportunities that awaited me and carve out a path to success.

Despite the uncertainties that lay ahead, I remained steadfast in my resolve, fortified by the unwavering support of family, teachers, and mentors who had guided me thus far. Their belief in my abilities served as a beacon of light in moments of doubt and uncertainty, instilling within me the confidence to pursue my dreams relentlessly. And as I embarked on the next chapter of my educational odyssey, armed with the lessons learned and the experiences gained, I embraced the future with unwavering optimism, knowing that each challenge would serve as a stepping stone towards realizing my dreams.

**Secondary School .**

Following the revelation of the National exam results, the anticipation reached its zenith as we awaited the pivotal school placement announcements. To my dismay, the school of my dreams eluded me, and my parents shared my sentiments, deeming the allocated school unsuitable for my educational aspirations. Determined to secure a more fitting institution, my parents embarked on the arduous task of finding an alternative, navigating the labyrinth of bureaucratic hurdles and potential pitfalls, including the unsettling prevalence of bribery in some educational institutions.

Fortune favored us, however, as I received acceptance from a lesser-known school nestled in the rural outskirts of Machakos, a departure from the bustling academic hubs of the urban landscape. Despite its modest stature, being a private institution with a relatively small student body, this school boasted a formidable academic reputation, holding its own not just within the county but on a national scale as well.

Stepping into this unfamiliar terrain, I found myself adrift amidst a sea of unfamiliar faces, severed from the comfort of familiar friendships forged in the crucible of my former life. The transition was compounded by the stark socioeconomic disparities among my peers, many hailing from affluent backgrounds, a departure from the more heterogeneous composition of my previous school. Meanwhile, the backdrop of familial upheaval loomed large, as we bid farewell to the familiarity of our rental abode, embracing the uncertainty of a new chapter in our lives in a distant locale.

Amidst the tumultuous sea of change, the resolute pillars of tradition and discipline stood firm, emblematic of the school's Catholic ethos. The stringent rules and regulations enforced by the institution served as a constant reminder of the need for adherence to moral rectitude and academic excellence, shaping not just our academic pursuits but our character as well.

Yet, amidst the upheaval and uncertainty, there lingered a glimmer of resilience and fortitude, a testament to the unwavering spirit of adaptability ingrained within us. Despite the financial strains brought about by my father's transition to a less lucrative job, we weathered the storm with stoic resolve, navigating through the challenges with unwavering determination and a steadfast belief in the promise of brighter days ahead.

My first year at Carmel Girls Secondary School was a significant transition from the familiarity of primary school to the complexity of ten new subjects. Adjusting to this academic load was challenging, requiring me to acclimate to unfamiliar classmates, traditions, and coping mechanisms. Despite the difficulty, one aspect I found solace in was my ingrained habit of waking up early, instilled by my parents' practices. This discipline served me well, as the early mornings became a staple of my routine. However, the introduction of nightly prep sessions was an unwelcome change, disrupting my accustomed evening activities. Additionally, adapting to the school's breakfast schedule proved to be another hurdle, necessitating a shift in my daily routine. Thus, while some aspects of my new school experience were comforting, others presented unexpected challenges that demanded resilience and adaptation.

Transitioning to secondary school not only required adapting academically but also navigating the complexities of forming new friendships. Unlike my previous school, where friendships blossomed effortlessly over eight years of shared experiences, forging connections in secondary school demanded conscious effort. However, the challenge proved invaluable, teaching me the importance of social skills and resilience. Moreover, secondary school provided a platform for self-sufficiency, as I learned to navigate daily routines without parental supervision. Waking up independently became a hallmark of my newfound independence, albeit occasionally challenged by the temptation to ignore the morning bell. Additionally, adjusting to the meal timings posed its own set of challenges, necessitating flexibility in my daily schedule. Despite these adjustments, I found solace in the absence of bullying throughout my high school experience, a testament to the supportive environment fostered within our school community. Although minor inconveniences such as stolen school uniforms occurred occasionally, they were overshadowed by the overall sense of camaraderie and mutual respect among classmates. Thus, while the transition to secondary school presented its share of obstacles, it ultimately served as a crucible for personal growth and resilience.

The fondest memories of my high school years often revolve around the rare occasions when the academic schedule eased, and the campus transformed into a hub of excitement. These were the days when the usual hustle and bustle of classes gave way to the vibrant atmosphere of school games and spirited entertainment, particularly on Saturday nights. The palpable sense of community and camaraderie during these events made every moment spent on campus feel like a celebration of youth and friendship. As I gradually adjusted to the rhythm of high school life, I found myself embarking on a journey of self-discovery, uncovering layers of my identity that had previously remained dormant. It was during this period that I gained valuable insights into resilience, learning to navigate the complexities of adolescent friendships with grace and fortitude. The dynamics of peer relationships often tested my loyalty and discernment, forcing me to confront the delicate balance between trust and self-preservation.

Form two marked a significant turning point in my high school experience, as I found myself grappling with the turbulent currents of rebellion and peer pressure. The incessant desire for a mobile phone became a focal point of contention between myself and my family, sparking heated debates and strained relations. Despite my persistent pleas, my parents remained steadfast in their refusal, prompting moments of frustration and introspection. Looking back, I now realize the irony of my relentless pursuit, considering my current minimal reliance on the very technology I once coveted. Alongside the challenges of adolescence, academic rigor became increasingly demanding in form two, culminating in a sobering wake-up call in the form of an ominous warning letter highlighting my academic shortcomings. Though I cannot recall whether I shared this letter with my parents, its contents served as a sobering reminder of the importance of prioritizing my education and academic pursuits. Concurrently, amidst the turmoil of teenage angst and familial discord, my faith emerged as a source of solace and strength. In the face of personal and familial hardships, I sought refuge in prayer, finding comfort in the belief that a higher power was guiding my path. These moments of spiritual connection not only provided solace but also reaffirmed my belief in the power of divine intervention and resilience in the face of adversity.

My high school experience was a kaleidoscope of unforgettable memories, each moment infused with joy, laughter, and personal growth. From the bustling hallways to the tranquil classrooms, every aspect of school life held its own charm, beckoning me to explore and discover. Amidst the academic rigors, I stumbled upon a newfound passion for literature, immersing myself in the enchanting world of novels that transported me to distant lands and ignited my imagination. Additionally, the thrill of competitive sports captivated my interest, particularly handball, where I found camaraderie and exhilaration on the court. Though my dalliance with these hobbies may have been brief, their impact on my high school journey was profound, shaping my interests and fostering personal development.

As the curtain drew to a close on my high school years, a sense of bittersweet nostalgia enveloped me, mingling with anticipation for the future that lay ahead. Entering my final year in form four, I embarked on a journey of self-discovery, forging a clear vision of the person I aspired to become. With unwavering determination, I set my sights on academic excellence, recognizing that achieving stellar grades would pave the way for my aspirations of higher education. Thus, as I approached the culmination of my secondary education, I was driven by a singular goal: to excel in my national exams and secure admission to a prestigious university.

The culmination of years of dedication and perseverance culminated in the momentous occasion of my national exams, where I delivered a stellar performance that exceeded my own expectations. With pride and satisfaction, I awaited the outcome, confident in the knowledge that my hard work would yield favorable results. True to my convictions, the fruits of my labor manifested in the form of exceptional scores, opening doors to a multitude of opportunities. Among these opportunities was the invitation to Dedan Kimathi University of Technology, beckoning me to pursue a Bachelor of Science in Business and Information Technology.

As I pondered this unexpected turn of events, I found myself embarking on a journey into the unknown, venturing into uncharted territory with a sense of trepidation and excitement. The prospect of studying a course I had never envisioned, at a university whose name was unfamiliar to me, filled me with a mixture of apprehension and curiosity. Yet, in hindsight, I recognized this twist of fate as a blessing in disguise, an opportunity for growth and exploration beyond the confines of my comfort zone. Thus, with an open heart and a steadfast resolve, I embraced this new chapter of my academic journey, ready to seize the countless possibilities that awaited me at Dedan Kimathi University of Technology.

When I completed high school, I found myself in a transitional period, a hiatus between the familiar confines of secondary education and the uncharted territory of my impending college life. During this interlude, I seized the opportunity to enhance my skill set by enrolling in computer packages, a rite of passage for many Kenyan students embarking on the journey beyond high school. As I delved into the intricacies of computer literacy, I found myself immersed in a world of coding, software applications, and digital proficiency, laying the foundation for future endeavors in the realm of technology.

Buoyed by my academic achievements and newfound technological prowess, I was rewarded with a long-awaited milestone: the acquisition of my very own mobile phone. The realization of this coveted possession filled me with unbridled joy and excitement, as I envisioned endless possibilities for connectivity and communication. However, amidst the jubilation, a poignant realization dawned upon me—I lacked the companionship of friends with whom to share this newfound technological marvel.

As fate would have it, the onset of the COVID-19 pandemic cast a shadow over my initial enthusiasm, ushering in a period of unprecedented upheaval and isolation. The imposition of curfews and quarantine measures confined me to the confines of my home, transforming my once vibrant social landscape into a solitary sanctuary. For nearly six months, I navigated the challenges of lockdown living, adapting to a new reality characterized by remote communication and digital interactions.

Amidst the uncertainty and solitude, my parents emerged as steadfast guardians of my well-being, implementing stringent safety protocols and vigilantly monitoring our adherence to public health guidelines. Their unwavering commitment to our collective safety provided a sense of stability and reassurance amidst the chaos of the pandemic, instilling in me a profound appreciation for their selfless sacrifices.

Despite the physical distance imposed by the pandemic, I found solace in the comforting presence of a dear friend, whose companionship served as a beacon of light amidst the darkness of isolation. As our neighboring households formed a tight-knit community of mutual support and solidarity, I discovered the true essence of friendship—the ability to find joy and connection even in the face of adversity.

Thus, as I reflect on the tumultuous events that defined this transitional period in my life, I am reminded of the resilience of the human spirit and the power of companionship to sustain us through the most challenging of times. Though the pandemic may have disrupted the trajectory of my journey, it also served as a catalyst for personal growth and introspection, shaping me into the resilient individual I am today.

**University life.**

University life during the tumultuous circumstances of 2020 marked the beginning of an extraordinary chapter in my academic journey. As the world grappled with the unprecedented challenges posed by the global pandemic, the landscape of higher education underwent a profound transformation. Unlike the conventional start to university, characterized by bustling campuses and in-person interactions, my entry into this realm unfolded within the digital confines of virtual classrooms and remote learning platforms.

Alongside my peers from the 2019 class cohort, I embarked on a journey through the virtual corridors of academia, navigating the intricacies of online enrollment processes and remote study modules. The transition was both disorienting and enlightening, as I grappled with the nuances of asynchronous learning and the absence of physical proximity to classmates and instructors.

Despite the initial hurdles, the experience fostered within me a newfound adaptability and resilience, as I embraced the opportunities for growth presented by the digital realm**.**

For an entire semester, I found myself immersed in the digital landscape of higher education, forging ahead with my studies in isolation from the tangible presence of fellow students and educators. While the absence of face-to-face interaction posed its challenges, it also served as a catalyst for personal and academic development. I discovered innovative ways to collaborate with peers virtually, leveraging technology to facilitate group discussions, projects, and study sessions.

Amidst the uncertainties of the pandemic, the transition to online education became a journey of self-discovery, as I honed my time management skills, adapted to new modes of communication, and cultivated a sense of independence in my academic pursuits. Despite the longing for the camaraderie and community of traditional campus life, I embraced the opportunities afforded by virtual learning, recognizing it as a unique and transformative chapter in my university experience.

As the specter of the pandemic gradually receded and the nation embarked on a path towards recovery, a palpable sense of cautious optimism permeated the air. With the easing of restrictions and the lifting of curfews, a semblance of normalcy began to emerge, heralding a long-awaited return to physical classrooms and campus communities. Against this backdrop of shifting tides, the university administration made the pivotal decision to transition to in-person instruction, marking a significant milestone in my academic journey.

The prospect of finally setting foot on campus filled me with a heady mix of excitement and trepidation as I prepared to embark on a voyage into the unknown. Moreover, the anticipation of venturing to a new county, miles away from the familiar confines of home, stirred within me a sense of wanderlust and adventure. No longer bound by the strictures of parental oversight, I eagerly anticipated embracing the freedom and autonomy that awaited me in this uncharted territory.

As I packed my bags and bid farewell to the comforts of home, I embarked on a journey of self-discovery and exploration, fueled by the promise of new experiences and opportunities for growth. Though the road ahead was fraught with uncertainty, I faced it with unwavering resolve and an open heart, ready to embrace the challenges and triumphs that awaited me in this next chapter of my university life.

Navigating university life amidst the backdrop of a global pandemic was akin to traversing uncharted territory, far removed from the glossy depictions presented in popular media. The stark disparity between my romanticized expectations and the gritty reality of my experience became glaringly apparent from the moment I settled into my accommodation mere meters from the school premises.

Despite the proximity, the daily commute to classes stretched into a time-consuming journey that consumed nearly an hour of each day. Yet, the physical distance was merely one facet of the stark contrast between my preconceived notions and the actuality of university life. Embracing newfound independence meant grappling with an array of responsibilities previously shouldered by my parents.

The transition into self-sufficiency demanded an abrupt immersion into adulthood, forcing me to master essential life skills such as cooking and managing household chores without the familiar safety net of familial guidance. Each mundane task served as a poignant reminder of the seismic shift in my life's trajectory, propelling me into a realm where personal accountability reigned supreme.

While my physical presence on campus was requisite for end-of-semester exams, the bulk of my academic endeavors transpired within the virtual confines of online coursework. This peculiar dichotomy afforded me copious amounts of free time, which I often sought to fill with the solace of literary escapades within the confines of my humble abode.

As I immersed myself in the pages of novels, I couldn't shake the echoes of advice from former students and well-meaning relatives who extolled the virtues of university life as a marked improvement over prior educational stages. Eager to embrace this narrative, I approached my studies with a misplaced sense of confidence, buoyed by the notion that the rigors of academia would pale in comparison to the trials of my predecessors.

However, this naiveté proved to be my undoing, as it fostered a complacent attitude towards academic diligence. Consequently, the grades that adorned my first-year transcripts served as a sobering wake-up call, a stark reminder of the perils of underestimating the challenges that awaited me in the hallowed halls of higher education.

During my high school years, I harbored a fervent ambition to become a radio presenter, a dream that was fueled by my active involvement in numerous journalism clubs and my regular participation in delivering the morning news during our Monday assemblies. My enthusiasm for broadcasting was matched only by my academic dedication, as I diligently maintained the grades necessary to pursue this career path. However, fate intervened on the day I was tasked with choosing and applying to universities.

Amidst the backdrop of recent events in our country, I observed a shifting paradigm within the media industry, particularly in radio broadcasting. It became apparent that many top radio presenters and media personalities were not solely selected based on their educational qualifications. Instead, numerous individuals were seamlessly blending their professional roles with ongoing education, pursuing certifications and degrees in journalism while actively working in the field. This realization prompted me to reassess my career trajectory.

In light of these developments, I made the difficult decision to veer away from my initial aspirations and opted instead to pursue a Bachelor of Science in Business and Information Technology. This decision represented a significant departure from my previous ambitions, thrusting me into unfamiliar territory. Unlike my prior familiarity with journalism and broadcasting, my knowledge of business and information technology was limited.

Despite attending computer lessons in high school, my engagement was primarily confined to superficial tasks such as tinkering with Microsoft Word and experimenting with various fonts and formatting options. Consequently, my understanding of computers remained rudimentary, with only a cursory introduction to the subject matter.

Moreover, my pursuit of proficiency in computer packages was abruptly halted by the onset of the global pandemic, which disrupted traditional modes of education and forced an abrupt transition to remote learning. As a result, I found myself unable to complete my studies in this field, leaving me grappling with a sense of uncertainty and unfulfilled potential.

Nevertheless, I remained steadfast in my determination to adapt and thrive in this new academic and professional landscape, leveraging my resilience and perseverance to navigate the challenges that lie ahead. Embarking on a four-year journey in pursuit of my Bachelor of Science in Business and Information Technology, I entered my second year of studies with a newfound determination to excel.

Recognizing the importance of a rigorous academic approach, I endeavored to deepen my understanding of the course material and elevate my grades. As I immersed myself in the lectures and course materials, I gradually began to unravel the intricacies of the subject matter. It was during this period of heightened focus that I discovered a burgeoning interest in coding.

Fascinated by the logic and creativity inherent in programming languages, I eagerly delved into learning various coding languages, one by one. With each line of code I wrote, my passion for coding blossomed, fueling my desire to explore its limitless potential. My journey took an exciting turn when I was introduced to a section of coding that enabled us to develop websites and mobile applications.

Instantly captivated by the prospect of creating digital solutions from scratch, I knew I had found my niche. As I delved deeper into this specialized area of coding, I found myself drawn to both the theoretical underpinnings and the practical applications of coding principles. Despite my growing proficiency in coding, I encountered a persistent challenge when it came to writing code on paper.

While I understood the intricacies of coding and its functionalities, the act of transcribing code onto paper proved to be a daunting task. However, I firmly believed that true mastery of coding transcended rote memorization; instead, it required a profound understanding of the underlying concepts and problem-solving techniques. Navigating the complexities of coding amidst the pressures of exam preparation posed its own set of challenges.

With limited time to assimilate and apply coding concepts, I often found myself grappling with the intricacies of writing and debugging code under time constraints. Yet, with perseverance and dedication, I remained committed to honing my coding skills and overcoming the obstacles that stood in my path. As I continue on my academic journey, I am fueled by a relentless determination to unravel the mysteries of coding and harness its transformative potential.

Armed with a deep-seated passion for technology and innovation, I eagerly embrace the challenges and opportunities that lie ahead, confident in my ability to thrive in an ever-evolving digital landscape. As I reflect on my academic journey, I am grateful for the opportunities afforded to me through industrial attachments.

These experiences have been invaluable in broadening my perspective and deepening my understanding of how societies navigate the complexities of our current technological landscape. Each placement provided me with unique insights into the intersection of technology and society, fostering personal growth and professional development.

Now, as I find myself in the final year of my studies, I stand on the precipice of a new chapter, poised to embark on the journey into the professional world. With eager anticipation, I have cast my net wide, applying to a multitude of internship roles in the hopes of securing a valuable foothold in my chosen field.

While some applications have yielded promising responses, others have met with silence, leaving me to navigate the uncertain terrain of job hunting with a mixture of hope and trepidation. Simultaneously, I find myself immersed in the culmination of my academic endeavors: my final year project and impending examinations.

The prospect of completing my studies fills me with a potent blend of excitement and anxiety, as I grapple with the daunting task of synthesizing years of learning into a single cohesive project. Yet, amidst the chaos of deadlines and preparations, I find solace in the knowledge that I am not alone in this endeavor. With each passing day, I lean on my faith as a source of strength and guidance, trusting in a higher power to light the path ahead.

Through fervent prayer and unwavering determination, I am confident that I will weather the challenges that lie ahead and emerge stronger and more resilient than ever before. As I stand on the threshold of this new chapter, I am filled with a sense of optimism and gratitude, ready to embrace whatever opportunities and obstacles may come my way.